

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers

DETROIT, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1883.

PRICE, \$1 65 PER YEAR

VOLUME XIV.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE."

NUMBER 36.

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Agricultural.

A LIVINGSTON COUNTY FLOCK.

Visit to the Farm of Mr. Henry L. Doane, —His Flock of Fine Wools—The Country Around South Lyon.

Last week we paid a long promised visit to Mr. Henry L. Doane, who resides some four miles south of South Lyon, a station on the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Railroad. South Lyon is likely to become quite an important shipping point, as the Toledo and Ann Arbor crosses the Detroit, Lansing & Northern here, and the Grand Trunk is engaged in constructing a line from this point to Jackson, which will give excellent shipping facilities in all directions. The country in the immediate vicinity of the village is a pleasant one, but the soil appears to be rather light, and will need good care. We saw some nice farms, however, that appeared to be well cultivated and were evidently productive. When we reached the station Mr. Doane was waiting, and we started for his place. The day was warm, but a slight breeze tempered the heat, and made the ride very pleasant. The country gradually became more rolling as we went south, and by the time Mr. Doane's farm was reached was quite hilly. The soil was also stronger, and the appearance of the country very inviting. Mr. Doane's farm is pleasantly situated on the banks of Silver Lake, a small lake of about half a mile in width and three-quarters in length, surrounded by sloping banks, with waters deep, placid and beautifully clear, and its vicinity is a favorite resort for pleasure seekers.

After dinner, in company with Mr. Doane and his son Herbert, we started to have a look over his flock. His flock was started in 1874 by purchases of ewes from the flocks of J. Forbes, Jr., and B. B. Tottinham, of Addison Co., Vt. His first ram was Lake's 100, bred by Wm. Ball of Hamburg, and sired by Addison Chief 217 grand sire Duke 275, great-grand sire the Birchard & Tottinham Ram; the dam of Lake's 100 was a pure Pauler ewe from the flock of F. & L. E. Moore. The next purchase was 15 ewes from the flock of E. J. & E. W. Hardy of Ocoila. Three of these were of their own breeding, four from the flock of Reuben Cook of Shoreham, Vt., two from the flock of R. M. & O. F. Atwood, four from the flock of F. & L. E. Moore, and two from the flock of J. Forbes, all of Vermont.

He next purchased a ram bred by Wm. McCauley of Vermont, known as McCauley's 49, and recorded as Mingle 44 in 2d Vol. of the Vermont Register. He is owned in partnership by Mr. Doane and the Lake Bros., near Wixom, at whose place we saw him last winter while visiting them. The sire of Mingle 44 was All Right 169, dam by Ellsworth's 327. This last ram has proved an excellent breeder, as his lambs are really finer than himself, very even, and excellent shearers. The flock now consists of about 80 head in all, and their condition and appearance certainly speaks well for Mr. Doane and his son as care takers.

The first field visited contained his yearling bucks, and this year's lambs. Mr. Doane has evidently been breeding to a standard, as his lambs had an evenness in style and appearance that will strike the most ordinary observer. Four yearling rams were good ones. The first we noticed attracted attention from its size and style. It has all the appearance of a strong constituted animal, short, thick neck, very heavily folded in front, head well capped, nose wrinkled, strong shoulders and well rounded carcass. From behind he looks equally well, his quarters being broad, legs straight and well covered with heavy folds. There is one point on which there will be a slight difference of opinion among breeders in regard to this ram, and that is his fleece. The top of the wrinkles have a good deal of jar over them, which to many breeders is an objection. Others, however, contend that it denotes constitution and bodily vigor,

and favor it in stock rams. Whichever is right there is one thing certain, that in a flock such a ram as this one is the first noticed, and is always favorably commented upon by the generality of breeders for its style. His fleece is otherwise unobjectionable, carrying a fair amount of oil, and showing evenness all over the body. He is by Mingle 440, and his dam was a ewe bred by F. & L. E. Moore, sired by Centennial 442, he by Fremont, Jr. 115. This ewe is of Rich and Hammond blood, and this year sheared 164 lbs. of nice wool and raised a lamb. The yearling ram sheared 19 lbs. 14 oz., although he was not doing well in the spring.

The next one examined was by the same ram and from a R. M. & O. F. Atwood ewe. To those who would object to the last one referred to on account of his fleece, this one would be selected as their choice. He is well woolled, and though heavily folded yet his fleece is very even in quality over the wrinkles. He carries a good deal of oil of good color and well distributed. He was not so heavy a sheep, we should judge, as the last, but is well put together. In front he is excellent and his well covered head and short neck give him a very stylish appearance.

Another yearling by the same ewe and out of a ewe bred by Mr. Doane from a Forbes ewe, is the one that sheared the heaviest fleece this season—20 lbs. 8 oz. He is a very even sheep all over, of good size, well woolled, and having all the signs of a heavy shearer.

Another ram, also a yearling, is considerably smaller than the others, but upon a close inspection showed up well. Mr. Doane said he was a very late lamb, and at first did not come along as fast as the others, but was now doing well. Outside of his size he is a good sheep, and when full grown will be a hard one to beat. He is also by Mingle 440.

There were some six or eight ewes lambs in the field that were very even and handsome, well shaped up, great style, and so much alike as to puzzle a person to distinguish between them. Considering that they were from ewes of different strains of blood, their uniformity speaks well for Mingle as a sire.

The breeding ewes were next looked over. Some of these are quite old now, as they were the foundation of the flock, but they looked very well indeed. With half a dozen drawn out of the flock it would be noted for its uniformity. These breeding ewes were selected by Mr. Doane as approaching as closely as possible to what he believed to be the best standard for a Merino sheep. They are all of good breeding, and from flocks that have always enjoyed a good reputation for purity of blood, and his show of lambs this season, especially ewe lambs, ought to be very satisfactory to him. Two of the ram lambs will also show well in the best company. Probably this flock is bred closer to a standard than one in a dozen flocks in the State; the standard aimed at may not suit every breeder or sheep man, as nearly every one has an ideal type of his own; but no one will deny their good points and uniformity. We hope Mr. Doane will bring these yearling rams, and some of his lambs to the State Fair, as it will give him an opportunity of comparing them with others, which, after all, is necessary in judging of the merits of all animals.

We next had a look over the farm, which contains some 240 acres of land, well adapted to sheep, nicely rolling. His sheep barn is a large basement, well arranged and comfortable, but hardly light enough. He said he proposed putting a number of windows into the south side this season to remedy this defect. A wind-mill supplies his barn with water. His corn was looking first rate for this season, and has eared out well. His wheat crop, which had just been threshed the day we arrived, had turned out well better than anticipated, while his oat crop was very heavy. In this section we should think every farmer would have a flock of sheep. The land needs them to keep up its fertility, and they will not only do that but return a good profit for their keep and the trouble bestowed upon them. In the evening, after a very enjoyable visit, Mr. Doane drove us back to South Lyon in time for the 8 o'clock train, but it was near midnight before its appearance at the old rat trap that the Detroit & Lansing people dignify as a station. For a town like South Lyon something better ought to be afforded by this road. Perhaps when the other roads get into shape a change in this particular will be made, and it cannot be made too soon.

Mr. JOHN DOWNS has put in his annual appearance at the Detroit Stock Yards, and as usual is looking for sheep for the feeders of Western New York. Mr. Downs has during past years bought a great many thousands of sheep in this market, and when he is on deck better prices always rule. For good feeders he is ready to pay good prices. Our readers will please make a note of this.

The 624 lbs. fleece sheared by the French Merino ram "Woolly," only cleaned 12 lbs. of wool. This may be cited as an instance of "great cry and little wool."

CLOVER AND WHEAT.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Perhaps it would be interesting to the readers of your valuable paper to read some answers to questions. By your permission I will again ask and make a few statements.

We doubt not the value of clover, but would it be advisable to throw before farmers the value of manure as well as clover, or to go with it? A farmer stated he could keep his farm up cheaper and better by clover than to have manure given him and be obliged to haul it one mile. Is that giving manure its equal value with clover? Another man says he prefers manure; but it is not expected in a grain country like Michigan to make or obtain in any way, manure sufficient to keep land up, especially where so much land is used as here. Michigan has any amount of what a Vermont caller, and values so highly, muck, that hauled out, or shoveled, and lying over one freezing, then used as required in cow-yards, hog-pens, privies and under sink spouts, would be very valuable. Much is saved by the use of dry muck in tight stables where cows are kept. A neighbor of your correspondent states his cows through the summer and repeats the use of muck and all sorts of vegetable matter, and the result was hauled out in the fall in the shape of forty ox loads of good manure. He claimed that without exertion to add to his manure he should not have had over ten loads. He claimed that one load of the compost was of more value than a load of the natural droppings, as it contained the urine, which he asserted was equal in value to the droppings.

Michigan lands are much stronger to produce a crop than those of Vermont. One reason is Vermont lands have been used nearly or quite fifty years longer. Our best Vermont lands are very strong and productive, soft and friable, pretty to work after the turf or sward has rotted; it never bakes. The sward of a grass country is very different from this; it grows very thick and remains so as long as it is left in grass. That, of course, is the reason of its being so good for pasture. Our farmers have the habit of only using one-half bushel of timothy and 10 lbs. of clover, and for this reason get finer hay and a thicker sward; and they believe it will produce hay a number of years longer. A Michigan farmer tells me that late, to the surprise of his neighbors, sowed a quarter of a bushel of timothy as an experiment, with good results. He says that acre held out better and produced more hay in three years than lands joining it under the same treatment except lighter seeding.

Is clover, root and top, per ton, considered to have more fertilizing constituents than buckwheat, corn, rye, &c.?

Has raw muck fertilizing qualities sufficient to pay for hauling it to the root only?

Which contains the most fertilizing materials, the roots or tops of clover?

Farmers of Vermont turn but little clover under; but your correspondent claims a heavy seeding to clover is equal to a small coat of manure, the root only considered. In building barns in Vermont pains are taken to have hogs behind horses; the coarse, strawey manure is thrown to the hogs, who manufacture it into the most valuable manure made. Otherwise, if it is thrown out in piles it heats and burns, which renders it nearly valueless.

A VERMONT.

Our correspondent asks a number of questions that, could they be answered fully, would be of great assistance to farmers. But the trouble is that answering them with special reference to one locality would not settle them for any other. In a State like Michigan, where nearly all varieties of soil are to be found, each neighborhood differs in some respects from the one next to it, and its farmers have varied their systems of cultivation as experience has shown them the necessity. There are sections of the State where, for the past forty years, wheat growing has been pursued as the best suited to the soil, and in these neighborhoods, the summer fallow and clover has so far kept up the fertility of the soil. These men believe that this system can be pursued indefinitely without the use of any other fertilizers. So far the bank upon which they have drawn has honored their checks in the shape of large, and as a rule, better crops than they received from the virgin soil. Whether this can go on indefinitely or not is a problem many are thinking over; so far it has not been answered authoritatively on either side. One thing is certain: so long as a good catch of clover can be secured, just so long will they be able to grow good crops of wheat.

But there are other sections, and we can point out some not far from where our correspondent resides, where a very few years of such a system would result in a positive failure to secure a crop of wheat. Here is where a farmer has need of everything in the shape of a fertilizer within his reach. Repeated manuring, a rotation of crops, the feeding of cattle, sheep and hogs to turn coarse fodder into manure, muck, commercial fertilizers, can all be made available; and to insure success, must be. Now two farmers, one from each section referred to, would never agree as to the best methods of keeping up the fertility of the soil. It would be useless to tell a man to rely upon clover as a fertilizer if he could get a catch only once in two or three years. He would have to manure to grow clover, and a heavy crop of clover would insure a crop of wheat. There are plenty of lands in Michigan that are clover sick, as the farmers express it, and it will take time to bring them up to their old time fertility. Their exhaustion is due to the growing of successive grain crops until they have become exhausted.

Upon the whole it can safely be put down as a safe system to grow as much clover as possible, and to use it as a fer-

tilizer by plowing it in when you are going to follow it with a grain crop. Manure your land if it shows signs of weakness, and use plaster generously on your clover.

Perhaps the strongest advocate of the use of clover as a fertilizer is the Hon. G. Geddes, of New York. He states that he has on his farm in Central New York a field which has had no manure except clover grown on it and plowed under, and that wheat, corn, oats, barley, meadow and pasture have been regularly grown upon it in five years' rotation, the closing crop being winter wheat, with timothy and clover sowed. The clover has had plaster applied to it for fifty years. He asserts that this field is more fertile now than it was twenty-five years ago.

But other farmers have tried plowing under a clover crop, and found it to be a positive detriment to the succeeding crop. Their experience was that it answered better on their soils to cut the clover first, and then plow. Joseph Harris recommends cutting the clover when in full bloom, letting the second crop grow up through it, and also cutting the second when ready, and then letting it decay a while before plowing for wheat. But this is a great deal of work for nothing. Take off the first cut for hay and plow under the second without cutting is the usual course, and as a rule it will be found to answer best.

As to the relative values of clover, buckwheat, corn, and rye, we give the following statement of the constituents of a ton of each:

Green clover—12 lbs. nitrogen, 24 lbs. phosphoric acid, 9 lbs. potash, 1,600 lbs. water.

Green corn—6 lbs. nitrogen, 24 lbs. phosphoric acid, 9 lbs. potash, 1,600 lbs. water.

Green Rye—11 lbs. nitrogen, 44 lbs. phosphoric acid, 9 lbs. potash, 1,400 lbs. water.

Green Buckwheat—8 lbs. nitrogen, 3 lbs. phosphoric acid, 11 lbs. potash.

This gives an idea of the value of a ton of each as a fertilizer, and the question of how many tons can be raised per acre will settle the value of each to the farmer as a green manure. It will be seen that all contain a large amount of plant food, which they have collected and hold in a form to become at once available to a succeeding crop when plowed under.

VOLINIA FARMERS' CLUB.

Report of the Annual August Wheat Meeting.

For several years the Volinia Farmers' Club have made their August meeting one devoted especially to the consideration of wheat in all its bearings—market reports, varieties, time to seed, manner of preparing the land, &c., &c. These meetings have assumed some notoriety, and draw the intelligent farmers from the surrounding towns to consider this important question. The announcement in the programme that Hon. A. B. Copley, of Detroit, was to give an address, stimulated a larger attendance than usual, and the meeting was a decided success. It was held in Grange Hall at Volinia Center, an unpretentious cross roads, with a store and postoffice, the inevitable blacksmith and wagon shop, all sustained by the enterprising farmers surrounding it, Grange Hall being the general rendezvous for considering all interests pertaining to farmers.

The meeting convened at two o'clock p. m., on Saturday, August 25th. Mr. Copley in opening alluded to his former association with the Club, when he talks about wheat only considered the two leading varieties, the Soule and the Delb. They now are almost unknown and new varieties have taken their place.

The three greatest wants of the people are food, clothing and houses to live in. Bread is the chief article of food, and wheat is the leading product of many of the States. Two-fifths of the working population of America are engaged in agriculture, and much more than that in Michigan. More people depend upon the farmer than in any other pursuit or business. There is no standstill to farming more than to any other business, we are going one way or the other. Fifty years ago it was deemed wonderful that horses should cut grain, but now they not only cut but they bind it. Our granaries are going west and our pastures are following. We have been moved six hundred miles nearer New York by changes in freight rates. It now costs but six cents to London, against twenty-one cents ten years ago. Dakota has now seventeen million bushels of wheat, and it was only the other day that the war-whoop was raised by Sitting Bull. Considering what it has done, what must it do in the immediate future? We are confronted with these facts, and must shape our plans to meet the competition. Farmers will still raise wheat; they should raise some wheat, but they must do it at less expense. He had been looking around in a carriage making establishment. One man worked upon buggy boxes, he could put them up for \$1.25 each; formerly he had \$9 for the work, but he made more money at the lesser figure. Carriages are thus made cheap, and every one could afford a buggy. He had heard railroad men talk about

freight, and they had a good deal to say about dead weight. A certain amount of force must be expended to haul the cars themselves, and the rate of dead weight to paying freight was always considered. He thought farmers were carrying too much dead weight to compete with cheap fertile lands. Merchants call this margins. It is not what an article costs that determines the profit in handling goods, but the difference between the cost and the selling price. If the selling price is low the cost must be lowered or trade must stop. The cost of machinery, of labor, of teams, and the interest on land is the dead weight the farmer carries, and he can count no profit until this dead weight is reckoned. If an animal is fed the year round and gains nothing, that is dead weight, the only profit is what is received above the cost. We must raise big crops to make money, and raise them cheap. A field might be covered with manure and a big crop raised, but the cost of the manure and labor might be too much dead weight. It costs about four dollars per acre to till the land for seed, two dollars to harvest, four dollars for interest on land, and ten cents per bushel to thresh and market the grain. If a field of wheat yield thirty bushels to the acre there is a profit of 56 cents a bushel, at present rates for wheat; if the field yields but 15 bushels the profit is reduced to 23 cents a bushel. Two men take wheat to market and receive about the same money, but one has raised his wheat at a profit and the other at a loss.

The most important wheat now on the market is the long berry, red wheat; this in New York is now seven cents higher than white wheat. Small red wheat comes next, such as the Egyptian and the Fultz. We make mistakes in not sowing these varieties. Insects and rust are the enemies of the white wheat. These harder wheats stand these pests better because they are earlier. Early wheat is always plump and bright, while late wheat is likely to be shrunken. The objection to bearded heads is gone with the advent of the binder. If he were to plow ground early for wheat, he would plow deeper than if he were plowing late for the crop, would sow in a medium time, neither late nor early. He formerly was wont to study the markets and look to see if a war, or cholera or a famine was impending to raise the price. He thought we did not want to raise the price. That reduces consumption, we ought to reduce the cost; we must do that, we have too much to contend with to follow old processes. The people of India who clothe themselves with a yard or two of cotton cloth, which costs but a shilling, can raise wheat cheaper than we can. We must raise wheat cheaper by having other things combined with it. We must raise clover and make that pay while it is enriching the land for a crop of wheat. We must have some stock, and the labor of the farm must be continuous and paying. We must have cheaper team work. With wheat raising the teams work but three months in the year, and for nine months lie still three days out of four. We pay interest on the teams all the time and they must work the year round. If with one team a farmer raises a big crop, he is likely to buy another and try to raise more. The chances are against growing two good crops in succession, and the teams are worked at a loss. We must grow wheat cheaper by growing a variety of crops. He gave statistics from the State Report showing that Cass County grew too many acres of wheat to the 100 acres of farm land, and too few cattle and sheep. It had more land in wheat and fewer cattle to the hundred acres than the average for the thirteen lower counties of the State. These, with about 252 acres of wheat to the hundred, and nearly fifteen cattle produced 124 bushels of wheat in 1881, while Cass County in the same year had nearly 34 acres of wheat to the 100 and not quite ten cattle, and produced but a little over ten bushels to the acre. He proceeded further and gave the statistics for Volinia township to illustrate the necessity for a more diversified system of farming and the giving of less attention to wheat as a specialty.

M. J. Gard—As we cannot raise the price of wheat by any means of ours, we must raise the crop cheaper—or what is equivalent—raise more wheat at the same expense. We have been tilling too much ground, and have not made money by the increase in the number of acres tilled. There will not be one-third as much wheat sown this fall as usual. We can increase the yield per acre in various ways, but if the means cost us more to grow wheat the result is the same; we must study to save carrying too much dead weight. As we cannot make manure enough to cover the land and make it rich in that way, we must depend upon clover. If we only raise clover for the pasturage, we do not get the full benefit, we must make the clover into hay and feed it to stock, thus adding to its value. We can then raise one-third more wheat to the acre on our land, and thus compete with cheap lands and foreign nations. He has changed his practice in plowing soil for wheat. He now plows but about four inches; but the next time would plow deeper, especially for a spring crop, to obviate baking below the furrow. We put too little labor

on land for wheat; we need a fine mellow surface but hard and firm below. He would not sow wheat before the 10th and not later than the 20th of September. He thought we were too apt to change varieties from some accidental damage to the crop. Wheat is subject to the same law of breeding as our domestic animals. We should strive to improve the quality each year by proper selection. More attention should be paid to shocking wheat; the last two seasons have demonstrated that the round shock is the best and safest.

A. C. Glidden thought the method of selecting seed had been faulty, and would account for the running out or deterioration of varieties. Large kernels were not necessarily the best for seed, but we select entirely upon that hypothesis. There are plenty of instances where corn has been grown on the same farm for twenty years, and has continued to improve under a judicious selection. If the kernels of the whole crop had been shelled and the largest only had been saved, the smallest ears might have furnished much of the grain for seed and the corn would not improve. Wheat to increase in value needs some such manner of selection; the large, well filled heads on prolific stools would undoubtedly produce a better crop, even if the kernels were small. A small head standing alone with but few grains would turn out larger specimens, and thus would inevitably run over the screen for seed to the detriment of its future productiveness. Wheat ought to improve as well as corn, and if selections were made as indicated, it undoubtedly would, and maintain that character for years, or until chance selections again reduced it to a barren production.

Lot Bonine, of Young's Prairie, did not think any wheat would run out if a careful selection was given it. He gets the best yields by turning everything under, and only plows deep enough to cover the surface growth; he then follows the plow with what he calls a packer; it is a rail road tie, shod with iron, and he goes over the field with this until the ground is hard again; the harder he packs the better the wheat is. He showed a sample of Clawson wheat that was excellent for this year.

C. C. Morton, of Wayne township, had anticipated what we have realized in the opening address; like a good wheat crop, it covers the ground well. He has given some attention to selecting seed after the plan suggested and found it to give satisfaction. The crop for the last two or three years has raised the question whether we had not better come to a halt in wheat raising, let our lands rest, and let the other and cheaper lands raise the wheat. Ours have been over-worked and exhausted by a too continuous cropping to wheat. We have kept the land plowed too many years in succession. Pastures and hay and clover seed are quite as profitable. The plan he is about to practice is to plow a clover sod for his crops, and get it back to clover again as soon as possible.

Erastus Osborn, of Hamilton, plows less for wheat, and the less he works it the better to get it in proper condition for seed. He don't believe tillage is manure, and would not go over his land in a harrow for wheat unless it needed it. He believed land could be killed by working it too much as well as by cropping too much. He has seen farmers go over their summer fallows 12 to 18 times and he believed much of this tilling superfluous and damaging, especially to sandy land. He is in favor of making good roads so that he could haul 50 to 80 bushels of grain to market, and thus take off some of the dead weight of farming. He never wants to see wheat go above \$1.25 per bushel; as sure as it does it will react and fall to 80 or 90 cents.

B. G. Buell thought wide tire wagons just the thing to handle wheat cheaply.

M. J. Gard does not differ from Mr. Osborn in the preparation of land for wheat; if it can be done by slight cultivation all right, but we must get the proper preparation.

L. B. Lawrence showed samples of wheat of different years' growth and showed how the difference of yield easily occurred. The heads of this season's crop have but two kernels abreast, while the crop of 1880 had four kernels on a side, and he had seen as high as six kernels on a side. He who does a special business can do it more cheaply than one who does not, even if it is raising wheat. Wheat is a plant that forms surface roots and should not be planted deep; one-half inch is plenty deep enough. In some seasons broadcast seeding does best, but the seasons vary, and upon the average drilling is to be recommended. He plows four to five inches for wheat. He tries to save expense in growing wheat, and he considers that the header for him would materially cheapen the product. Straw is handled at a large expense, and for him he would rather it would lie on the ground, evenly spread as it grows, and be plowed under rather than to handle so great a bulk and return it again to the fields. It may be that we have wasted our land too much. He had this year a field of wheat that he did not harvest, and some have attributed it to turning in too much clover, making it too rich in vegetable matter and too poor in silica, but he thinks it not owing to that.

Mr. Fletcher has the Swamp wheat, but

thinks it identical with the old Mediterranean variety.

A. B. Copley had mixed Egyptian and Fultz wheat and sowed it on a summer fallow; both varieties were shrunken, but where sown by themselves they were plump. He would plow only six inches on prairie soil and only four on sand for wheat.

James Ball thinks we have made wheat growing too much a specialty. To make successful wheat growers we must add to the growing of stock to complete the year's round of labor.

H. Wells—Every farmer is looking around to see what he can sow. The Swamp wheat is undoubtedly the old Mediterranean under a new name. The head is shorter and broader, with shorter beards than the Lancaster and yields better.

A. C. G.

NOTES FROM OAKLAND COUNTY.

In compliance with a request made some time ago, we revisited the farm of W. J. Gage, four miles east of South Lyon, and looked over his flock of thoroughbred Merino sheep. We found Mr. Gage busy erecting a large and commodious shed to be used as a shelter for his thoroughbreds during the breeding season, while they will also be allowed the run of the yard through the day in pleasant weather. This we think an improvement over the plan followed by many sheep breeders, and will repay tenfold in the number of lambs that can be reared, and also in the increased vigor that will likely be imparted to the progeny.

This flock consists of some over 60 breeding ewes, that have been selected and bred with care, and are descended from some of the best stock known in the country. The first purchase was made in the fall of 1878, of Wm. Ball, the pick of 10 out of 60 yearling ewes, after Ball had reserved 10, were taken, together with a ram bred by Levi Wolcott of Shoreham, Vt. In 1881 another party of ewes was bought of Wm. Ball from a party of ewes bred by Stickney, Bissell and other well-known breeders in Vermont. In 1882 14 ewes were bought of D. P. Dewey of Grand Blanc, which were straight Atwoods, two excepted. We must admit that these Atwoods were a valuable acquisition; and considering the number and quality of the lambs reared this season we heartily congratulate Mr. Gage on this purchase. In 1881 the stock ram 236 sired by Rich's Banker, was used on the first purchase as a test and proved so satisfactory that he will be used some the coming season. Another ram, 252, bred by G. D. Bush of Vermont, was also used, and sired some very fleecy lambs, of good style, strong constitution; and the wool on them is not excessively oily. Last year the ram labeled A. D. Taylor 319, called Tornado, was used late in the season. This ram was sired by L. P. Clark's Moses, dam L. P. Clark's 23; g. d. L. P. Clark's 10; g. d. L. P. Clark's 3; g. d. L. P. Clark's 10; g. d. L. P. Clark's 10. It will be seen that the breeding of this ram is unexceptionally good, ranking among the best. Our attention was called to a ram lamb that was dropped in March last, and though not seemingly as large as some "May lambs dropped in January," he was a broad, well-covered face, a good heavy neck, well folded, and a heavy fleece with sufficient yolk; in almost every respect a very promising lamb. The sire of this lamb is Dewey's John L. Hayes; dam J. H. Earl 17; g. g. d. J. H. Earl 7; g. g. g. d. J. H. Earl No. 5, a ewe bred from stock purchased of E. Hammond, Middlebury, Vt. Mr. Gage has several young rams for sale that are suitable for the coming season, and which we believe will give satisfaction to purchasers; also some of the breeding ewes will be offered for sale to give room for young stock now being reared.

After getting a good impression of Gage's sheep, we desired to see a well managed dairy, and consequently called at the residence of Rev. C. S. Eastman, of Milford, whose son, John L., a boy of 18, is taking a very lively interest in bee-keeping. Last spring he had some 30 swarms, which with their increase of over 50 swarms this summer, have made about 2,500 pounds of honey. A visit there will repay any one interested in bees.

Our next visit was with F. Potts, who has a farm of 160 acres, on which he keeps 100 grade sheep and 10 head of cattle. He has a thoroughbred Jersey bull, bred in Illinois, and two grade Jersey cows, one of which made 90 pounds of butter in eight weeks, and continues to make butter at about the same ratio, although some 10 months since the last calf was dropped.

We then called on Mr. Higgins, whose wife showed us a splendid sample of butter, and surpassed many of the men in enterprise in subscribing for the FARMER. Thomas Clark, an old friend of the FARMER, was called on, and we found he had as fine an eighty acres of land as has been our fortune to see. The farm is productive one, one field yielding 50 bushels of wheat to the acre in 1882. The buildings and fences are in a fine condition, such as does one good to look at.

C.

Three thousand dollars have been refused for Reno DeLancey, the Mt. Clemens trotter.

MICHIGAN FARMER

State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.

Terms, in Advance.

Subscriptions, \$1.50 Per Year.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

44 Larned Street, West, (Post and Tribune Building), Detroit, Mich.

*Subscribers remitting money to this office would confer a favor by having their letters registered, or procuring a money order, otherwise we cannot be responsible for the money.

P. B. BROMFIELD,

Manager of Eastern Office,

150 Nassau St., New York.

The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1883.

THE NEW POSTAL NOTES AND THE FARMER.

The new postal notes went into operation September 1st, and small sums can now be sent through the mails very cheaply and with entire safety. A postal note only costs three cents for any sum under five dollars. In this connection we make the announcement that we will send the FARMER from now until January 1st, 1885, for \$1.75, provided the amount is sent in cash—not stamps. A year and four months for \$1.75! The quicker you send in the more you get for your money.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week were 238,306 bu., and the shipments were 249,093. The stocks now held in this city amount to 187,950 bu., against 168,987 last week, and 152,483 the corresponding week in 1882. The visible supply of this grain on August 25 was 20,714,351 bu., against 11,565,861 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 314,592 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 2,394,739 bu., against 1,877,981 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 10,031,932 bu., against 28,265,037 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882.

The week has been a quiet one, with light fluctuations in values and few features of interest. Receipts are gradually increasing as the work of threshing progresses, and in the absence of any speculative demand the steadiness of the market may be regarded as a favorable omen of its strength. No. 1 and 3 white and No. 3 red closed Saturday at the same prices they opened at on Monday, while No. 2 white and No. 2 red are somewhat lower. There has also been a decline in futures of from 1 to 1½¢ per bu. on the various deals.

Yesterday the market was weak and values tended downward. The loss on cash wheat was from ¼ to ½¢ per bu. all round, and futures declined fully as much.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from August 15th to September 3rd:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5
Aug. 15	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 16	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 17	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 18	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 19	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 20	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 21	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 22	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 23	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 24	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 25	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 26	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 27	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 28	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 29	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 30	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 31	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
Sept. 1	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 2	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4
" 3	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.04 1/4

The sales of futures the past week only amounted to 825,000 bushels, which will serve to show how little speculative spirit there is in the market. The following table gives the closing prices of the various deals each day during the past week:

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.
Tuesday	1.09	1.10 1/2	1.12	1.13	1.14
Wednesday	1.08 1/2	1.10 1/4	1.12 1/2	1.13 1/2	1.14 1/2
Thursday	1.08 1/2	1.10 1/4	1.12 1/2	1.13 1/2	1.14 1/2
Friday	1.08 1/2	1.10 1/4	1.12 1/2	1.13 1/2	1.14 1/2
Saturday	1.08 1/2	1.10 1/4	1.12 1/2	1.13 1/2	1.14 1/2
Sunday	1.08 1/2	1.10 1/4	1.12 1/2	1.13 1/2	1.14 1/2

The reports from Europe and Great Britain are certainly not such as should cause any weakness on this side of the Atlantic. The French crop is now estimated at 241,240,000 bu.; last year it was 243,000,000 bu. This will compel importations of about 65,000,000 of bu. In addition to the shortage in wheat the rye crop is also deficient, and has been badly damaged by rains during harvest. In Germany it is said that the frequent rains did irreparable injury to both wheat and rye, and the western provinces of Russia are said to have also suffered severely. The Danish wheat is deficient in quantity and of poor quality. In Great Britain the crop is said to be the smallest for many years, with mildew and rust quite common in many sections.

Rye is relied upon by the peasantry and laboring classes of Germany, France and Russia for bread. The serious damage the crop has sustained will cause an increased demand for wheat. In every country in Europe where rye is grown, with the single exception of Italy, the crop is very deficient.

It is therefore certain that the demand for American wheat abroad this coming year will be considerably in excess of last. Our crop is much smaller than last year, but probably the surplus from the last crop yet held will make the amount available for export about the same. Foreign countries, especially Great Britain, hold considerable supplies in excess of what they did last year, and the demand will

not be active enough to cause any great advance in prices until the stocks held are more or less diminished. The only thing that will make foreign dealers purchasers in excess of immediate requirements will be continued low prices, which will give them ample margins later in the crop year. We therefore look for a quiet market the first part of the crop year, followed by more activity and an appreciation in values later on. These, of course, are inferences drawn from such information as we have at hand; but we are willing to have them go on record as our best judgment after a careful study of the situation.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Sept. 3.	Aug. 27.
Flour, extra State	128. 3 d.	128. 0 d.
do No. 1 white	88. 10 d.	88. 0 d.
do Spring No. 2	98. 1 d.	98. 0 d.
do Western 1882	98. 5 d.	98. 3 d.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 19,716 bu., and the shipments were 8,400 bu. The visible supply in the country on Aug. 25 amounted to 10,266,803 bu., against 11,352,314 bu. the previous week, and 5,578,814 bu. at the same date last year. The export clearances for Europe the past eight weeks were 9,171,689 bu., against 233,570 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 1,085,511 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 30,295 bu., against 18,820 bu. last week, and 728 at the corresponding date in 1882. The market the past week has been a quiet one, with business confined entirely to immediate requirements. The continuance of dry weather has had a bad effect upon the growing crop, and the chances now favor a much smaller crop in many sections than was thought probable a month ago. There were some light showers on Saturday night, but how general they were we have not yet learned. As it is, the dry weather is interfering with farm work, as in most parts of the State the ground is too dry to plow, and farmers are waiting patiently for rain, which will have to be quite heavy to be of service. Prices here are about the same as a week ago, perhaps a shade lower. No. 2 sold on Saturday at 53½¢ per bu., which is really below what the price should be. We should regard No. 2 corn at 53½¢ per bu. as good property, and likely to pay better than seven per cent mortgages. In Chicago the market closed active but lower than a week previous. No. 2 spot selling at 49½¢ per bu. Futures were also lower, September selling at 49¢, October at 48½¢, and November at 47½¢. The Toledo market closed dull at 52½¢ per bu. for spot and September No. 2, and 53½¢ for October delivery. The reports of the crop in the Danubian provinces and southern Russia show that a very light yield is indicated by its present condition. In Liverpool the market is quoted dull at 5½d. per cental for new mixed, against 5s. 7d. one week previous.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 45,835 bu., and the shipments were nothing. The visible supply of this grain on Aug. 25 was 3,697,895 bu., against 3,635,097 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. Stocks in this city yesterday amounted to 61,723 bu., against 39,599 bu. the previous week, and 28,910 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 663,906 bu. The market is lower than a week ago, new No. 2 white selling at 31½¢ per bu., and No. 2 mixed at 31¼¢. In futures No. 2 mixed for October delivery are offered at 30¢ per bu., but purchasers are not plenty at those figures. In Chicago the week closed with an active demand for spot, but prices are fully a cent per bu. lower than a week ago. No. 2 mixed are quoted there at 25½¢ per bu. In futures October delivery is quoted at 26½¢, and November at 26¼¢. The Toledo market is quoted dull, with No. 2 mixed spot selling at 27½¢, and for December delivery at 28½¢ per bu. In view of the certainty of a light crop in this State the oat crop is more than usually important. It will be good policy on the part of farmers to be careful of selling grain at low prices early in the season that they may have to purchase back again at sharp advance. With hay and oats in abundance stockmen are in pretty good shape to care for their stock even with a deficient corn crop.

HOPS.

Pickers have been busily at work in the New York hop district the past week and considerable amounts of the new crop are finding their way to market. The Water-ville Times reports a few sales at 25¢ and 26¢, and also of 1882's at 28¢ and 30¢. The feeling throughout the district is firm, and many growers look for an advance. The yield is reported better than expected. So far but few contracts have been made ahead by growers, dealers looking for a decline. It is probable, therefore, that the market will prove slow, and purchasers will be contented with small lots until the yield of the crop, both here and abroad, is fully settled. In some parts of the hop district the demand for old hops has improved, and holders are asking 30¢. The San Francisco Grocer says: "The market shows a little more active demand for choice old stock. Prices may be said to rule from 12½ to 13½¢, according to quality, from inferior to choice. The new crop is unfit for shipment. We find it necessary to revise a crop estimate, which we previously reported at 85,000 bales. It is now said that the crop aggregates about 40,000 bales. The long-continued drought in Oregon and Washington Territory has largely diminished expectations from that quarter, but will not affect the above estimate."

The New York crop is said to promise 10 per cent better than last year, and the Canadian crop about the same. In Wisconsin the yield is lighter than expected. The German crop shows no improvement, and a very light yield is looked for there. The N. Y. Commercial Bulletin says of the market in that city: "The market remains in about the same condition that it was at the opening of the week. Stocks here continue light, with very little that is of high standard of quality. Interior holders are firm on prices, and very indifferent about selling because of indications that, on merits of

quality, '82's promise to bring more money the next month or two than is now being realized for new crop. There is a very fair demand here, but dealers are almost wholly in small lots, and the market is quiet. Quotations here are higher than a week ago, and now range as follows:

N. Y. State, crop of 1882, choice..... 31¢ 3/4

do crop of 1882, medium..... 29¢ 3/4

do crop of 1882, low grades..... 27¢ 3/4

do crop of 1882, good to choice..... none

do old stock..... none

Eastern, crop of 1882, fair to choice..... none

Wisconsin, crop of 1882, fair to choice..... none

Pacific coast, crop of 1882, fair to choice..... 25¢ 3/4

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The butter market is still in an unsatisfactory state for sellers, and there are no symptoms of a change in the near future. There is no fear of any decline in the price of good butter, nor does there appear to be a chance for prices to advance. From 17 to 18¢ ½ remains the quotation for the choicest of the receipts, with low and medium grades ranging from 12 to 16¢. Creamery is quiet and steady at 23 to 24¢ ½. The Chicago market is doing better, although there is no advance in prices. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 20 to 21¢; fair to choice do, 19 to 19½¢; choice dairy, 15 to 16¢; fair to good do, 13 to 14¢; common grades, 11 to 12¢. In New York the situation is about the same as a week ago, with possibly more firmness in choice stock. Quotations on new State stock in that market are as follows: Fancy creamery, 23¢; choice do, 20 to 22¢; prime do, 19 to 19½¢; fair to good do, 17 to 18¢; ordinary do, 16 to 16½¢; fancy tubs and pails, 21¢; fine do, 19 to 20¢; good do, 17 to 19¢; and fair do, 15 to 16¢ ½. Quotations on new western are as follows:

Western imitation creamery, choice..... 16	16
Western do, good to prime..... 14 1/2	14 1/2
Western do, ordinary to fair..... 12 1/2	12 1/2
Western dairy, best..... 15 1/2	15 1/2
Western dairy, good..... 14 1/2	14 1/2
Western dairy, ordinary..... 13 1/2	13 1/2
Western factory, best current make..... 13 1/2	13 1/2
Western factory, fair to good..... 11 1/2	11 1/2
Western factory, ordinary..... 9 1/2	9 1/2

The N. Y. Daily Bulletin, in its weekly review of the market, says:

"Butter has undergone nothing in the way of positive change during the week, and about the only new feature is a tendency in some quarters to feel a little more hopeful over the fine grades of stock. Advances from primary points are looked upon as indicating growing hope of demand, which is likely to check shipments in this direction, and some verification of this theory has been obtained in order to hold desirable consignments for a higher limit. It is also calculated that the tide of city people returning from the country must soon increase the demand, but nothing as yet has induced the asking of higher rates. On all other qualities the tone is soft and the trade has been uncertain beyond about an average demand on shipping orders."

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending August 25 were 778,949 lbs., against 762,831 lbs. the previous week, and 671,507 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1882 were 297,028 lbs.

While butter has been slow and unsatisfactory to sellers, cheese has shown a decided improvement in the tone of the market as well as an appreciation in values. Our local market has not as yet been affected by the advance at other points, but probably will be if a reaction does not follow. Prices here range from 10½ to 11¢ ½ for best makes of full cream State, and 10¢ for second quality. The movement of stock is of only fair proportions, but sufficient to keep the market steady. The Chicago market is stronger, although prices have only advanced on choice stock. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream Cheddars, ½ lb. @ 9½¢; full cream flats, 10½ to 11¢; flats slightly skimmed, 4½ to 5¢; common to full cream, 3½ to 4½¢; low grades, 2½ to 3½¢. The New York market has ruled firm and active all week, with a considerable advance in prices of desirable stock. The close of the week showed a decrease in receipts and more firmness at primary points, so that a further advance is considered quite probable. The N. Y. Bulletin in its weekly review of the market, says:

"The market continues to improve and is going out to-day very strong. The arrivals were again found to be very largely under engagement and scarcely anything of an attractive character could be secured by those who, with some fresh orders at hand, the inquiry was sharp and decisive for anything that could be reached, fancy white cheese finding most favor apparently. Prices naturally have retained more or less firmness, and the market has reached a higher point, and though our figures are adjusted to conform to what appears to be a fair quotation for the general sale of single factories, etc., exceptional lots have done a fraction better on both white and colored. From the freight room taken, it looks as though pretty much everything will be cleared up, the choice grades certainly, and some of the favorite factories are already under engagement for next week."

Quotations in that market are as follows:

State factory, fancy..... 10 1/2 to 10 3/4	10 1/2 to 10 3/4
State factory, prime..... 9 1/2 to 9 3/4	9 1/2 to 9 3/4
State factory, fair to good..... 8 1/2 to 8 3/4	8 1/2 to 8 3/4
State factory, ordinary..... 7 1/2 to 7 3/4	7 1/2 to 7 3/4
Ohio cheddar..... 7 1/2 to 7 3/4	7 1/2 to 7 3/4
Ohio flats, fair to prime..... 7 1/2 to 7 3/4	7 1/2 to 7 3/4
Ohio flats, fair..... 6 1/2 to 6 3/4	6 1/2 to 6 3/4
Wisconsin, choice..... 10 to 10 1/2	10 to 10 1/2
Wisconsin, fair to good..... 9 1/2 to 9 3/4	9 1/2 to 9 3/4
Creamery skims, choice..... 3 to 3 1/2	3 to 3 1/2
Creamery skims, fair..... 2 1/2 to 2 3/4	2 1/2 to 2 3/4
Skims, poor..... 1 to 1 1/2	1 to 1 1/2

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 75,806 boxes, against 83,739 boxes the previous week, and 43,241 boxes the corresponding week in 1882. The exports from all American ports for the week ending August 25 were 6,609,211 lbs., against 7,887,547 lbs. the previous week, and 7,081,891 two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 5,035,631 lbs.

The Liverpool market is quoted firm at 5½d. per cwt. for choice American cheese, an advance of 4s. (1) per cwt. from prices reported one week ago.

The Michigan Manufacturing Company of Jackson, have met with unexpected success in the sales of their carriages this season, and the company are now preparing to greatly enlarge their manufacturing capacity, the present facilities proving totally inadequate to supply the demand made on them. The company resolved on the start to make nothing but first-class work, and sell it at a reasonable price, and have followed this plan throughout. The large trade they are now enjoying is the natural result. The company will have a full line of their goods on exhibition at the coming State Fair.

THE ART LOAN.

The Art Loan exhibition opened on Saturday evening, in the building erected for the purpose on Larned St. East, between Bates and Randolph streets. There were no formal dedicatory exercises, but a fine musical programme was rendered by Spill's orchestra. A very large crowd attended the opening. This is one of the rare occasions which to the non-traveling public comes but once in a lifetime. An opportunity to view many of the art treasures of New York, Boston, and other large cities at one's home city, or at the commercial metropolis of one's State, is not enjoyed often. Besides, the choice paintings, statuary and bric-a-brac owned in Detroit have been loaned to the association, and people who have not the entire to the homes of our wealthy citizens, will have the privilege—for such it is indeed to be considered—for viewing many rare and costly works of art. By a fortunate coincidence, the visitors at the State Fair will be able to visit this exhibition, which to those interested in art will prove a greater attraction than the Fair. Advantage may be taken of the reduced railroad rates, and undoubtedly many who would not attend the Fair will be tempted by the Art Loan. Catalogues are issued, and also a daily bulletin, describing the exhibits and in many instances giving their history. The rooms are most conveniently arranged and excellently lighted. We append a summary of their contents, which visitors will find of value as a guide:

1. New York and Boston exhibits.
2. Cleveland collection.
3. Collection of Gen. R. A. Alger, M. S. Smith, J. F. Jay, Gov. Baldwin, Allan Sheldon, E. V. Swift, H. A. Newland, C. H. Buhl.
4. N. Y. F. Hazeltine, Philadelphia, arranged by A. J. Brown.
5. Paintings from the city.
6. Religious subjects.
7. Prints, etchings and engravings.
8. New York City collection.
9. Refreshment room and photography in architecture.
10. Gen. Di Croma collection.
11. Water colors and the Detroit water color society.
12. Brice-Brace and special exhibits.
13. S. City artists.
14. Amateur. Show cases and portraits.
15. Collection of James McMillan and Wm. Wright.
16. H. Senator Palmer and Bela Hubbard.
17. New York City collection.

The admission is but twenty-five cents.

The Fairs.

We have received premium lists of the following Societies for 1883.

Macomb County, to be held at Mt. Clemens, September 25 to 28 inclusive; \$1,500 are offered in speed premiums, and liberal premiums on stock of all kinds. Mr. T. J. Shoemaker, of Mt. Clemens, is the Secretary, who will furnish all information in regard to the fair.

The Western Michigan Agricultural and Industrial Society, to be held at Grand Rapids, September 24 to 28 inclusive. This is a very important exhibition, especially to the western portion of the State. The grounds are commodious and well arranged, the buildings excellent, and the management good. Its premium list is well arranged and liberal, and stock men all over the State should give it attention. The show of fruits and flowers is always fine. Mr. James Cox is secretary.

The Armada Agricultural Society, to be held at Armada, October 3 to 5 inclusive. J. E. Barringer is Secretary. This is a purely agricultural fair, with no side shows or racing, and is always well attended and successful. You cannot meet with a better class of farmers anywhere than you can at this fair.

Hillsdale County Fair, to be held at Hillsdale, October 2 to 5 inclusive. F. M. Holloway, the veteran Secretary, is still in that position. This fair is one of the most successful held in the State, and is ably managed.

Lenawee County, to be held at Adrian, September 25 to 28 inclusive. S. B. Mann is Secretary, and is a good man for the place. This Society have got out a fair premium list, and propose to have a fair that will represent old Lenawee. With good weather it will be well attended by both exhibitors and visitors.

Jackson County, to be held September 25 to 28 inclusive, at Jackson. This Society offers very liberal premiums, especially on stock, dairy products and flowers. A number of special premiums are offered by citizens of Jackson. W. J. G. Dean, of Hanover, is the secretary.

The Shiawassee County Fair is to be held at Owosso on the 25th, 26th and 27th. The society offers liberal premiums, and will spare no pains to give a good exhibit. A. L. Williams is secretary.

The Union Agricultural Society of Oakland and Wayne Counties, to be held at Farmington, Oakland Co., October 2 to 5 inclusive. P. Dean Warner is President, and Frank D. Clark Secretary. Besides the regular premium list there will be premiums for both running and trotting races, on three days of the fair.

RYE is becoming a more important crop in this country each year, many foreigners preferring it as a breadstuff to wheat. The crops of each year from 1877 to 1882 are given below, with the amount exported:

Year.	Crop, bu.	Exports bu.
1877	21,770,000	2,027,000
1878	25,840,000	3,721,000
1879	23,840,000	4,738,000
1880	23,210,000	2,900,000
1881	20,705,000	978,000
1882	20,705,000	2,500,000

The exports of the 1882 crop are only given since January 1st, and for the crop year are probably close to 4,000,000 bushels.

TEXAS FEVER.

There has been a few cases of Texas fever near this city, within the past three weeks, and considerable excitement has prevailed among owners of cattle in consequence. A few milch cows, which were pastured on the commons south of the city, died from the disease. They must have come in contact with Texas cattle while the latter were being driven from the yards, as it is the general opinion that northern cattle suffering from the disease will not give it to others. The last cases we have heard of were in a lot of cattle purchased by Mr. J. H. Thompson, of Grand Blanc. They were grade Durhams, raised in Missouri, and brought to this city. So far as we can learn they had not been exposed to Texas cattle, and it is probable that they caught the disease from being shipped in cars which Texans had previously occupied. The character of the disease is such that it does not show itself for ten days or two weeks after exposure, and when once an animal is attacked all remedies heretofore used are powerless, and the animal dies in from one to three days. From all that has been learned of the disease, it is generally agreed that Texans, while giving it to Northern cattle, do not suffer from it themselves. Northern cattle will take it from grazing in a field in which Texans have been kept, but will not spread the contagion. Cattle cars would of course spread the disease if they had been used to carry Texans. The first frost kills the disease at once, and no cases result from actual contact with Texans after frost appears. The railroads in our State have not had their cars contaminated by Texans, these cattle being shipped north by the roads centering at St. Louis. No Texans have been in our market for some weeks, as it is known that August is the month when the disease is most fatal, and cattle men do not care about handling them. In the last issue of the *Drillers' Journal* we find the following from their Liverpool correspondent:

"I regret to report the loss of some 37 cattle out of the cargo of the Venetian, Boston to Liverpool, on her last voyage out, arriving in Liverpool on Thursday, August 9. The disease is pronounced by Mr. Moore, the Government Inspector in Liverpool, as splenic fever, known in the States as Texas fever. This disease is not considered by the head of the Veterinary Department as contagious, yet the Government Inspector has seen fit to set up the disinfecting apparatus at Woodside, where the cattle were landed. In 1879, when the disease was rampant among the American cattle arriving, Earl Cairns then asked the Conservative head of the Privy Council, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, why he did not enforce the law, and not allow the cattle to land alive. The Duke promptly informed the Earl that the disease was not considered contagious by Prof. Brown, then, as now, the head of the Veterinary Department."

Stock Notes.

Mr. F. W. Dickey of Marshall, Calhoun Co., has purchased from Mr. W. H. Wilson of Cynthia, Ky., the bay mare Mattie Willis, by Tom Thumb, dam by Jim Crow.

Poetry.

A MOUNTAIN BRIDAL.

TAIN TO BROOKLET.

I was a tawn on the mountain side;
Misty and chill,
Over the hill,
Over and under the pine-woods wide,
Heard I the wandering wind
Moaning, as one who could never find
A place where he might abide.

I was alone in my hollow glen;
Sunset's red gleam—
The moon's pallid beam—
The cry of the beast from his unknown den—
They haunted the lone wood,
Only to deepen its solitude;
Was I alive, love, then?

Once, in a darkling dream, I heard—
O, to know where—
High in the air,
Something that sang to me, thrilled in me, stirred
Life that I knew not mine;
A ripple of melody, dim and divine;
A far-off familiar word.

Once, in a moonday trance, I saw
A glimmer of white,
A wonder of light,
A radiance of crystal without a flaw,
Shining through moss and fern,
Glimpsing and hiding, with many a turn,
Tossing coming, by some sweet law;

Coming to me, O my brooklet-bridle:
Yes, it was thou—
Part of me now—
Coming, with grace of a sunbeam to glide
Into my soul's shadow deep;
Waked by their laughter from slough and from
Thou must I follow, my guide!

Mine, O my blessing, my mountain-born!
Out of the glen,
Down among the ferns,
Winningly leading me forth, like the morn.
Heaven on thy musical lip,
Fresh from the wells where the holy stars dip,
Ringing me up from self-scorn.

Still at our trust on the mountain-side
Something we keep
Hidden too deep,
Ever to whisper through earth so wide;
Love that we dimly know
Leaves the world fresher wherever we go,
One in our life, O my bride!

—Congregationalist

THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days were long,
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song,
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.

Our world grows bigger, and stage by stage,
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the golden age,
And come to the age of gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon the plains of yore.
In the nineteenth century lamb—
Mean motion, and nothing more.

Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old;
So they couple the crook of the golden age
With the hook in the age of gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest fame;
And Titania made the woods resound
With the echoes of Daphne's name.

They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical art, we're told;
And the Pandion pipe in the golden age
Brought forth to the age of gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From the shepherd to the green—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.

But now simplicity's not the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the golden age
Would seem in the age of gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old regime;

And, in spite of Lempiere's dazzling page,
'Tis given—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the golden age
For a year of the age of gold.

Miscellaneous.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Has a bicycle ever saved a man's life?
A curious question, and one to which I
imagine few persons could answer affirmatively.
I am one of those few, however,
and as the life in question had particular
interest for me, being my own, all the de-
tails of the terrible event are firmly fixed
in my memory.

The case is entirely without parallel,
and will, I venture to think, interest gen-
eral readers, though they may have no love
for a "rubbishy bicyclic thing," as I once
heard an old farmer call my beloved ma-
chine. I was always very fond of bicycl-
ing, and from the time when I was a
small boy, and labored for hours at a
bone-shaker, to the days when I became
the proud possessor of one of the first
bicycles ever manufactured, I revelled in
the enchanting pastime, spending hours
which should have been otherwise occu-
pied on the back of my iron horse, thus
putting my physical powers a long way
ahead of my mental. In fact, I hated the
sight of a book, and was never happy un-
less scouring the country on my bicycle.
My father was a doctor in a little Kentish
village, and having a large family, he was
thankful indeed when, at the age of 19, a
commission was obtained for me by a
wealthy friend in a regiment about to
sail for India. (No awful examinations
in those days.) And one fine morning I
found myself with the King's own at
Plymouth, starting in H. M. S. *Ganges*
for our mighty Eastern Empire.

I will not attempt to describe my months
of sea life, because every one has read of
nautical adventures dozens of times before;
suffice to say I was sea-sick and miser-
able the first week on board, like every
body else, and caught myself wishing I
was dead. I found afterward that this was
rather a common wish with people in the
first agonies of this malady. Then I re-
covered, and enjoyed myself like every-
body else, and saw a flying fish, and was
disappointed with it, like everybody else;
and fished for hours without about a quarter
of a mile of line over the stern, catching
nothing, like everybody else; and when
we sighted land I was thankful, like
everybody else.

A grand new bicycle was my father's
parting present to me, and great was my
delight at finding that another young
"sub" in my regiment was also a bicyclist.
In these days, when the "iron wheel" has
so many votaries, this may seem nothing

very strange; but, to realize my surprise
and pleasure, you must remember that a
bicycle was then a comparative curiosity,
and a bicyclist a person to be stared at
and admired or otherwise.

Enormous was the amount of money
betted by us on races to come, innum-
erable the beauties discovered in our own
machines. Once we attempted to race on
board, down one side of the deck; but a
nasty lurch nearly sent my companion
overboard, and the Captain soon put a
stop to our proceedings.

Well, we reached our destination at last,
and steamed up the mighty Hooghly to
Calcutta.

Words fail me to describe the sensation
which our bicycles caused. They were, I
believe, the first ever seen in India; and
as we rode together into the town, some
days after our arrival, one would have
thought it was the triumphal entry of
some eastern potentate.

Our first appearance was hailed with a
cry of horror by a crowd of mendicants
and children hovering round the outside
of the market. Curiosity, however, soon
got the better of their fear, and by the
time we had ridden a quarter of a mile,
there was a regular mob at our heels, all
following silently, with grave, earnest
faces and a quiet tread—in fact, they
might have been attending some funeral.

Soon every available stall and house-top
was crammed with heads; the street in
front of us seemed cleared as if by magic;
and on we rode as slowly as possible, try-
ing to look like judges.

The first horse we came to nearly went
into a fit. Had a native been driving,
the consequences would probably have
been serious; but the white soldier in the
vehicle pulled the unhappy beast up, and
made it follow and examine our bicycles.

These operations were watched by our
bodyguard with the deepest interest. We
did not see many horses in town, fortu-
nately, and the stabled ones generally em-
ployed as beasts of burden paid not the
slightest attention to us. At length we
arrived at a drinking fountain and slighted
from our machines, causing another loud
cry of astonishment. We had a refresh-
ing drink and remounted.

As we reached the outskirts of the town
we quickened our pace, and, finding a
grand level stretch of road in front of us,
began to race, soon leaving every one far
behind.

I could fill a book with the curious in-
cidents and accidents which befell us in
going "up country." Our regiment was
always on the move, and panics of one kind
or another were very frequent on our bi-
cycling excursions.

On one occasion, when I was riding
quietly, a half-demented native (one of
the few remaining followers of Juggernaut)
ran out into the road in front of me, and
fell down almost under my bicycle. The
unfortunate man wished to sacrifice
himself, as he would have done under the
huge wheels which carry his god. It was
with the greatest difficulty that I avoided
him, and he rose with the air of a person
who had quite made up his mind to leave
this world, but had suddenly come back
to it by a short cut. It certainly never
struck him that his religious arrangements
would put me out in the least.

My friend, too, met with an unpleasant
adventure. Peacocks are common birds
in India, and in some parts are sacred, no
one being allowed to kill or shoot them;
they swarm in the jungles, and are some-
times seen domesticated round the vil-
lages, strutting about like so many
barn-door fowls in an English farm.

My friend found this out to his cost; for
one day, turning a corner at a good pace,
he ran into a flock of them, coming a
nasty cropper himself, and killing one of
the unfortunate birds. Endless compli-
cations followed. The owner vowed
nothing we could give him would com-
pensate for the loss of his sacred fowl,
that ill-luck would fall on him and his
house, and that the "sahib" would cer-
tainly die before the week was out. The
"sahib," having given the man every
farthing he had with him, and implored
him to think no more about the matter,
mounted his fallen steed and rode back to
the camp, feeling somewhat crestfallen.

The affair did not end here, however.
The native authorities of the village came
in a body to our commanding officer; and
it was with the greatest difficulty he man-
aged to pacify them.

This occurrence created a bad impres-
sion in the place; and we were both very
glad to leave it for another station higher
up the country. We were now approach-
ing the hills, and the long-talked-of bi-
cycle race I was to ride against my friend
Fred Bet had not yet come off. Soon
our pet pastime would have to be aban-
doned for an indefinite period; so one
evening after mess we drew up and sig-
nified articles in the regular professional style
to ride a ten-mile race for a bet of five
pounds a side, my opponent to receive
three minutes start (this little arrangement
would have made us both forfeit our right
to ever ride again as amateurs, but we did
not know that then, and I dare say we
should not have cared if we had). We
were now stationed at the foot of the hills.
The ground to our north became gradu-
ally broken, rising peak after peak, and
stretching away to the region of eternal
snow.

There was a grand native road within a
short distance of our camp, running away
for ten miles as flat as a drawing board.
It lay through the open plain, and then a
deserted tract was reached, and finally
swallowing it up in an impenetrable jungle.
It was on this road I intended to
ride. Bent had found a circular path
round some native huts a short way from
the station, measuring about six laps to
the mile, and here he prepared himself for
the coming struggle.

After a week of such training as would
make a modern athlete's hair stand on end
—meat almost raw, chopped up very fine-
ly; little drinks of neat brandy, &c.—we
considered ourselves fit for the contest;
and the adventure I am now about to re-
late occurred the evening before the event-
ful day. I was just starting for a last
ride over my favorite course, when an
officer passing stopped me, and said:

"Have you heard of the tiger, Harvie?"

"No," I answered.

"The natives have just brought word
that a large tiger is marked down in the

jungle about ten miles from here; so don't
go too far this evening."

"All right," I laughed. "I think a
tiger would find it a difficult matter to
catch me—my training would tell on him."

I had not seen any large wild beasts as
yet, and my notion of a tiger was a thin,
sleek-looking animal, as I had once seen
in a traveling menagerie. Away I rode,
my comrade's caution forgotten before I
had gone a mile.

I started on a good pace, but not racing,
as I intended to do all I knew coming
home. In about an hour I reached my
usual halting place, ten miles from the
camp; but this being the last night of my
training, I made up my mind to ride an
extra couple of miles, and then do the
whole distance back at my best pace.

I rode on, and in another ten minutes
found myself in the jungle.

Now for the race home.

Dismounting, I loosed my machine, tight-
ened up every screw, and then sat down
on a boulder to rest and enjoy the pros-
pect. A beautiful scene it was, too.

Above me rose the grand mountains,
their snowy tops blushing crimson in the
setting sun; here a little waterfall, like a
thread of gold and silver, flashing down
the mountain-side, and twining in and out
among the masses of trees and rocks; there
a glimpse of fairyland through a jungle
vista. A poet or "tank," as they are called,
surrounded by dense foliage, festooned
by parasitical climbing plants, glowed
with flowers of every imaginable hue;
humming-birds, like fiery gems, flashed
hither and thither, darting in and out
among the trees. On the "tank" floated
water fowl of every kind, and the banks
were alive with gorgeous birds, their
plumage rivaling the flowers in brilliancy
and variety of color. But now the
shadows were deepening, the crimson on
the mountain-tops had disappeared, and
the cold snow began to look gray and
ghostly. A flying fox went rustling past
me, and I hastily prepared to mount, for
there is scarcely any twilight in India,
and I knew it would soon be dark.

As I rose my eyes encountered some-
thing which made me start and nearly
drop my bicycle.

There, not forty yards off, was a tiger.
I knew the animal well enough; but how
different he looked from the lean, half-
starved little beast I had seen at home!
He had just come into the open space
from a dense jungle-break, and sat there
washing his face and purring in a content-
ed sort of way, like a huge cat.

Was I frightened? Not an atom. I
had my bicycle and a start of forty yards,
so I could not beat him it was a pity.

He had not seen me yet, and I stood for
another minute admiring the handsome
creature, and then quietly mounted (the
tiger was directly on my right, while the
road stretched away in front of me). The
noise I made roused him. He looked up,
and then, after deliberately stretching
himself, came leaping with long, graceful
bounds over the rank grass and rocks
which separated him from the road. He
did not seem a bit angry, but evidently
wished to get a nearer view of such an ex-
traordinary object.

Forty yards, however, I thought was
quite near enough for safety. The tiger
was in the road behind me now; so I pulled
myself together and began to quicken
pace.

Would he stop, disgusted, after the first
hundred yards, and give up the chase, or
would he stick to it? I quite hoped he
would follow me, and already pictured in
my mind the graphic description I would
write home of my race with the tiger.

Little did I think what a terrible race it
was going to be. I looked behind me.
By Jove! he was "sticking to it." I could
not judge the distance, but at any rate, I
was no further from him than when we
started. Now for a spur! I rode the
next half mile as hard as I could, but on
looking round, found I had not gained a
yard.

The tiger was on my track, moving with
a long, swinging trot, and was going quite
as quickly as I was.

For the first time I began to feel anxious,
and thought uneasily of the ten long miles
which separated me from safety.

However, it was no good thinking now;
it was my muscle and iron steed against
the brute. I could only do my best and
trust in Providence.

Now there was no doubt about the tiger's
intentions; his blood was up, and on he
came, occasionally giving vent to a roar
which made the ground tremble. Another
mile had been traversed, and the
tiger was slowly but surely closing up.

I dashed my pouch to the ground, hop-
ing it would stop him for a few seconds;
but he kept steadily on, and I felt that it
was then grim earnest.

I calculated we must be about seven
miles from camp now, and before I could
ride another four, my pursuer, I knew,
must reach me. O, the agony of those
minutes, which seemed to me like long
hours!

Another mile passed, and then another.
I could hear him behind me now—pad,
pad, pad, quicker, louder and louder. I
turned in my saddle for a moment, and
saw there were not twenty yards separating
us! How enormous the brute looked,
and how terrible! His tongue hung out,
and the only sound he made was a con-
tinual hoarse growl of rage, while his eyes
seemed to literally flash fire.

It was like some awful nightmare, and,
with a shudder, I bent down over the
handles and flew on.

As I now sit quietly in my chair writ-
ing, I find it hard to analyze the crowd of
memories that went rushing through my
brain during that fearful ride. I saw
long-forgotten events in which I had taken
part rise up distinctly before me, and
while every muscle was racked with my
terrible exertion my mind was clear, and
my life seemed to pass before me like one
long panorama.

On, on, on; the slightest trip, I knew,
would be fatal; a sudden jolt, a screw jig-
gling, and I should be hurled to instant
death.

Human strength would not stand much
more; the prolonged strain had told upon
me, and I felt it would soon be all over.
My breath came in thick sobs, a mist
gathered before my eyes—I was stopping;
my legs refused to move and a thousand
fiends seemed to be flitting about me, hold-

ing me back, back! A weight was on my
chest; I was choking, I was dying. Then
a few moments, which seemed a life-time,
and then—crash—with a roar like thunder
the tiger was upon me, and I was crushed
to the ground.

Then I heard shots fired, a Babel of
men's voices, and all was blank.

After many days of unconsciousness
and raging fever, reason gradually return-
ed, and I learned the particulars of my
deliverance.

A party of officers had started with a
shikaree (or native hunter) to a trap which
had been prepared for the tiger. A goat
was tethered on the outside of the jungle,
and the sportsmen had started to take up
position in the trees near, to wait for their
game, which the bleat of the goat, in the
stillness of the night, would speedily have
attracted.

They were talking of our coming bicycle
race they went along, and expecting every
moment to meet me on my journey. As
they passed a clump of bushes I came
in sight, about a quarter of a mile in front
of them, whirling along in a cloud of dust,
which hid my terrible pursuer. They
soon, however, saw my terrible danger.
The huge brute, mad with rage, hurled
himself upon me, just as we reached them.

My friends stood almost petrified with
terror, and did not dare to fire; but the
shikaree, a man of iron nerve, and accus-
tomed to face sudden danger of all kinds
in the hunting-field, sprang to within a
yard of the tiger, and putting his rifle al-
most to the animal's ear, fired twice, and
blew his brains out just in time to save
my life. I was drawn from under the
palpitating body of my dead enemy, every
one present believing that it was all up
with me.

Making a litter of boughs, they carried
me into camp, where I lay for many weeks
lingering between life and death.—*London Society.*

A Famous Diamond.

The following details of the origin of
the famous jewel which adorns the im-
perial sceptre of Russia were furnished to
a resident of St. Petersburg by a descendant
of the Armenian merchant who brought
the stone to Russia.

The diamond, in its rough state, formed
the eye of an idol in a temple near
Trichinopoly, and was abstracted by a
French renegade, who escaped with his
prize to Persia. Here he wandered from
town to town trying to dispose of it for
a moderate sum, but only meeting with
distrust and suspicion. At length, when
the news of the theft had spread over
India and reached Persia, fearing arrest,
he accepted the offer of a Hebrew mer-
chant and surrendered the diamond for
\$10,000. Meantime the Shah was informed,
not only of the robbery, but also that
the thief was residing in his territory, and
had offered the stone repeatedly for sale.
At once his Highness gave orders to arrest
the man, dead or alive, and to seize the
diamond. The Jewish merchant naturally
became alarmed for the safety of his
new acquisition, as well as that of his
head, and gladly sold the stone to an
astute Armenian merchant named Shafra-
s for \$60,000. The magnificence of Cath-
arine the Great and her court was a by-
word in Armenia and Persia, and Shafra-
s knew right well that if he could reach St.
Petersburg with his diamond he would be
able to dispose of it at a handsome profit.
The greatest difficulty was to secrete the
stone so thoroughly about his person that
in case of his arrest it should not be dis-
covered. It was too large for him to
swallow, so he solved the problem by
making a deep incision in the calf of his
left leg, inserting the stone, and sewing
up the wound with silver thread. When
the cut had cicatrized sufficiently to allow
the removal of the wire, Shafra-s began his
travels toward Russia. Had he known
on arriving at the frontier that the di-
amond had been traced to the Jewish
merchant, and from him to an Armenian,
he would probably have tried to conceal
his nationality. But he had boldly pro-
claimed himself an Armenian merchant to
the Shah's inquisitive officials, was arrest-
ed, and consigned to prison on suspicion.
Strong emetics were administered, but
the diamond came to light. He was stripped
naked, plunged into a hot bath, and then
examined from head to foot, with no
better success. Even a little torture was
tried, but Shafra-s was firm; and in the
end he was bundled unceremoniously over
the frontier—his puffy cash, however,
being retained. He reached Oren-
burg, and here some compatriots advanced
him some money to reach the capital.

Catherine the Great was short of ready
money when Shafra-s offered her his di-
amond for sale. He demanded \$200,000,
for it but the Empress could not raise
more than \$100,000, and though she offered
40,000 dessiatsins, (at four acres each) of
crown land in addition to this sum,
Shafra-s refused. Catherine was greatly
chagrined, and did not hide her annoy-
ance; but she was too noble a character to
resort to the coercive measures which the
Shah of Persia would have adopted with-
out a moment's hesitation. Shafra-s was
allowed to depart unmolested, and betook
himself to Amsterdam to have his di-
amond cut. Here it was that the famous
Count Orlov first saw the jewel for which
his imperial mistress had sighed, and he
determined to lay it as a gift at her feet.
The bargain with Shafra-s was concluded
off-hand, for Count Orlov never haggled.
In exchange for the diamond (which
weighs 185 carats, and is valued at \$1,500,-
000) Count Orlov promised Shafra-s, on
his return to Russia \$350,000 down, an
annuity of \$2,000, and a patent of nobil-
ity. The Count kept his word; Shafra-s
the merchant became Lazarev the gentle-
man, cashed his bills at the imperial
treasury, and drew \$2,000 a year for the
rest of his life which, as usual with an-
nuitants, was a very prolonged one. Be-
fore he died he became one of the richest
men in Russia. With the price of the
diamond he bought mines in the Oural,
land in Bessarabia, and houses in St.
Petersburg. The "uncut diamond" in
thirty years made him ten times a
millionaire, and at the present day his
descendants, numbering hundreds, are all
immensely rich. Loris Melikov, former
Minister of the Interior, and Delianov,
at present Minister of Public Instruction are
grandchildren of the Armenian Lazarev.

THE MAYOR'S EARS.

The Evil One is generally considered to
be the governing element in a mining
camp. And this saying is not only true in
one generation, but obtained even in the
great silver streaks of Potosi, in far off
Bolivia, as long ago as 1560, when five
years after that new American treasure
was opened, the town held over 30,000
people within its limits. That year of
grace, 1560, was drawing to its close, and
Potosi groaned, or rather writhed, under
the rule of its Alcalde, Don Diego de
Esquivel, a bilious-minded and ambitious
man of whom it was said that he sold
justice to the heaviest holders of silver
bars. Don Diego de Esquivel belonged to
that bachelorette class that is not only a
social plague but an element of danger to
property-holders. For there are those
who argue that bachelors and communists
are bipeds of the same feather. At that
moment His Honor was following the
fair feet of a dashing Potosinian damsel,
who, however, regarded with disdain the
amorous approaches of the municipal dig-
nitary and struck her flag to the superior
force of a soldier in the Turcoman regi-
ment, then in garrison in the town. So
that the Mayor passed from love to ven-
geance and swore all sorts of terrible
things against the fair one and her soldier
boy.

As the Evil One never sleeps, it came to
pass that one night there was a dreadful
row in one of the many gambling dens of
Potosi and an inexperienced card sharper
was so clumsy in his efforts to swindle
the gamblers that his hand was securely
attached to the table by the dagger of a
victim. The row then took place and the
Mayor and patrol speedily put in an ap-
pearance.

"Manacles and jail," was the order
given.

But as is customary with the "finest in
the world" the Potosi police allowed
nearly all the sportsmen to slip through
their fingers and contented themselves
with a moderate bag of two. Don Diego's
swarthy mustaches fairly curled with joy
when he discovered the next morning
that one of the arrested gamblers was his
successful rival, the Turcoman arque-
buser.

"Oh! Oh! you young rascal, dice are
your goddesses now, eh?"

"But, listen, your worship," said the
soldier. "An infernal toothache kept me
jumping last night like a mountain goat,
and I was looking for an old crony who
carries two of St. Apollonia's teeth in his
wallet that would cure the pain of the
very damned."

"I'll cure you, my fine fellow," grimly
remarked the Alcalde. "The penalty is,
pay a hundred ducats or take fifty
stripes."

A hundred ducats was a fortune to the
trooper. Where could he raised such a
sum? By mortgaging his pay for years to
come the money might be raised, but not
in Potosi. A marching regiment is not
accounted as a desirable customer.

So back came the Mayor and the pre-
parations were made for the lashes.

The soldier spoke up—"No whip for
me, Senor Alcalde. Though I shoulder
an arquebus I know my father, and he is
a notable of Castile. Ask my Captain,
Don Alvaro Castellion, and he'll tell you
that I am as much a Don as our gracious
King, God bless him!"

"You a Hidalgo! you Don nobody.
Here, Master Antunez, strap this price
up and give him fifty good and sounding
ones."

"Take care what you do, Mr. Mayor,
by the Lord above us, a cavalier of Castile
is not to be treated like a highwayman."
"Cavalier! whisper that in my other
ear!" was the comforting reply of the de-
lightful functionary.

"Harkye, Don Diego," said the soldier,
"carry out your threat, and by the Holy
Virgin those ears of yours will pay the
foel!"

The Mayor simply regarded him with
undisguised satisfaction and even honored
the ensuing ceremony with his presence,
keeping a sharp and exact tally of the
sweltering slashes of the whip. The
soldier bore the punishment without a
groan, and trussing his disordered points
was placed at liberty.

As a farewell he said to the jailer:
"You and I, Antunez, are quits, but tell
the Mayor that from this day forward his
ears belong to me. I lend them to him
for a year's time, and let him take care
of them as my most valuable property."

The jailer laughed stupidly and swung
the heavy gate open to give him egress.

The reflections of Don Diego were not
pleasant, but he commenced his journey
the next day, and his first stopping place
was Cuzco. Arriving at the old Inca
capital, and having deposited his belong-
ings at an inn, the traveler went out to
visit some acquaintances and receive con-
gratulations on his good fortune. At the
turning of a street a hand was smartly
laid on his shoulder, and the affrighted
Alcalde beheld again his victim of Potosi.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Mayor-on-
leave. I see that you have my ears in
their place and I am satisfied."

Don Diego was stupefied.

Three weeks afterwards he reached
Huamango, and was fairly installed in the
miserable lodgings of the tavern, when a
knock was heard at the door.

"Whom?" asked the traveler.

"Blessed be God!" was the reply.

"And forever, amen!" and Don Diego
opened the door.

Neither the phantom shape of Banquo
in that convivial scene in Macbeth, nor
the dreadful statue of the Commodore
when it accosts Don Giovanni in his
summer garden, produced more terror in
the hearts of the spectators than did the
appearance of the flagellated soldier to the
quaking Alcalde.

"Be calm, Mr. Mayor, the ears are all
right; alive there, tal ta!"

I regret to say that Don Diego was so
completely overcome by this occurrence
that he had recourse to strong drink that
night, and plenty of it.

At last Lima was reached, and the first
person met by the Potosi dignitary was
his hateful rival, who on this occasion,
contented himself with an inquiring and
eloquent glance. And there was no
escaping this persecution. At church, in
the ball-room, there was the soldier,
always gazing earnestly at the Mayor's
ears.

Of course this told on the spirits of Don
Diego de Esquivel. He found no consolation
in his wealth. The favor of the
Viceroy and the attentions of the best
people of the town were lavished upon
him in vain. The indefatigable pursuer
was ever at his elbow. And so the time
passed until the anniversary of the prison
drama arrived.

It was 10 o'clock at night, and Don
Diego, having personally seen that the
great doors and windows of his house
were bolted and barred and fastened with
the heavy chains even yet used in the
city, sat writing at his table. The room
was faintly lit by a waning lamp. Sudden-
ly from behind a heavy portiere came
forth the figure of a man, two nervous
arms held Esquivel in a grasp of iron, a
gag was forced into his mouth and some
strong cord bound his body to the chair.

The Hidalgo of Potosi stood before him
with a sharp dagger glistening in his
hand.

"Mr. Mayor," he said, "the year is
over and I have come for my honor!"
And with savage serenity he shaved off
the ears of the unhappy Alcalde.

The Luray Cave.

A correspondent of the Atlanta *Con-
stitution* tells how this remarkable cave
was discovered:

A wandering photographer who chanced
to be near Luray (then Loran) was im-
pressed with the belief that there was a
cavernous formation in some of the hills
that throng about the village. Why he
thought so only those who know how
thoroughly such a man must study nature
and acquaint himself with woodcraft can
understand. At any rate, he persuaded
to his views a local hunter named Camp-
bell, and the two started out on a system-
atic and persistent search for a hole in
the ground.

For a long time they were unrewarded.
One morning, however, they came upon a
bowl-like depression in the side of a
mountain, from which they thought a
vague current of air was issuing. They
began picking through the loose stone
and sand that made the bottom of the
sink, and, after going about ten feet,
dropped through an open cavity of in-
determinate dimension. A rope was
tied around Campbell's body, and he went
far enough to discover that the new-
found cavern was vast and measureless.
The hole was then carefully covered over,
and the discoverers, keeping their secret,
sought the owner of the land. On a short
bargain they bought the land for \$400,
and took the deeds.

They then disclosed their secret, secured
help, and made a thorough exploration of
the cave. This exploration opened up the
weirdest, most picturesque and mar-
velous range of underground scenery, in
my opinion, in the world. I do not see
how anything can surpass it. For more
than five miles winding passages lead
through vaulted and fluted chambers
large enough to quarter a regiment, past
pools of crystal water caught in glisten-
ing basins, through corridors of enchant-
ing beauty into vast and silent cathedrals,
and beyond archways to pass under
which a child must bow its head—all
filled with stalactites, knolls, and
columns, fashioned through the patient
and ceaseless work of centuries upon
centuries into the most singular resem-
blances and similitudes that are startling.
Nowhere is there a sign of life, except
that in one huge chamber a solitary bat
flutters in uncertain circles amid the
lofty tops of fluted columns. No other
bat was seen there—and this one was so
wizened and wrinkled that he might have
been distilled from the darkness and
dungeon-like vapors of the cavern—the
one blind, and pinched, and chilled
evolution of a cycle of gloom and silence.
There is one other sign of life—the skele-

For Sale or Rent.

Any number of glucose factories, cost-
ing from \$50,000 to \$1,500,000 each, lo-
cated in various parts of the country, are
now lying idle. The reasons for offering
to sell or rent are that an unappreciative
public does not respond to our philan-
thropic endeavor to furnish a bastard
sweet at the price of genuine sugar.
Nobody asks for glucose. No house-
wife buys it for culinary purposes, nor for
putting up her fruit. We have been
compelled to resort to all sorts of expedi-
ents to get it used at all; have had to
flavor or color it with cane or sorghum
goods to make it pass as a table sugar.
We mix it with cane sugar, but the public
rebels. We smuggle it into confectionery
and are able in these ways to work off a
good deal, but it is a good deal of trouble
to cover up our tracks. Then again the
peaky sorghum men are making a genuine
sirup equal to the best from sugar cane,
one gallon of which will sweeten as
much as two and one half of ours, which
they sell about as cheap as we can sell
ours. Last year they made from fifteen
to twenty million gallons and will largely
increase the amount this year. Under all
these discouraging circumstances we have
decided to permanently retire from the
business and offer for sale or rent almost
our entire plant, aggregating in cost from
\$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000. Our factories
can be utilized for various manufacturing
purposes whose products will not be so
objectionable to the public as ours have
been. For further information and terms
apply to any Glucose Stockholder.—*Chi-
cago Grocer.*

THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

For the Michigan Farmer.

PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

We continue our sketches of the farms and farmers of Northville, Farmington, and the neighborhood surrounding these places, a part of which appeared in the last issue of the FARMER:

George Bradley lives on 86 acres of land within sight of the church steeples of Northville. He has everything upon his farm and around his barns and yard neat and tidy. He has given attention to the rearing of sheep for some thirty years and has always prided himself upon the value and standard of his flock, and never till within the last two years bred anything but Philo S. Rich stock. Since then he has bred some from L. Sprague's and William Duncan's rams. Thus it is we find that wherever we go in this section we meet Rich stock. The record of the shearing of the Rich bred ewes in this flock, under the auspices of the Association, averaged 164 lbs. Mr. B. has had the first choice of Rich's flock, and we saw a ewe out of his perfect ewe with first lamb by Sprague's Centennial, which must be admitted to be about perfect. He does not keep any stock rams, and believes it to be cheaper and better to breed from the best to be found in other flocks. His average for entire flock was 13 lbs.

Immediately opposite Mr. B.'s is the farm of John V. Harmon, who has bred a flock of sheep from P. S. Rich stock, with crosses from the flock of O. Sloan, and a buck from H. Huid, whose first clip was 20 lbs.

One mile north of Northville, but in Novi, is the 160 acre farm of I. N. Blackwood, whose flock numbers 165, mostly of Rich breeding. They looked very fine, and the lambs are strong. His three years old buck Gen. Grant, from Peerless, is registered, and sheared 32 lbs., while the whole flock averaged 12-16 lbs. His 25 yearling bucks are nearly all out of Sprague's buck, the balance from a Rich ram. Here we notice a 425 farm team six years old that is a good one, and draws a plow or self-binder with perfect ease.

At C. M. Thornton's we saw a flock of 16 registered ewes. The Crane Ram No. 31, has proved himself a good getter, if the lambs we saw are any criterion from which to judge, as they all have good points. Also saw there a buck lamb from the Wood's Sheldon ram, that is good; the dam, from the Wood's flock, is a splendid breeder. This flock all average well, although they are not in high condition. Still one of the buck lambs weighed 65 lbs.

Mr. O. Barnhart was absent, so we missed his flock. He has ten Rich ewes and breeds to Sprague's ram.

Lorenzo Sprague, of Farmington, showed us his flock. His first purchase was ten thoroughbred ewes in 1863 from F. M. Harwood of Rupert, Vt. They were descended from the Humphrey importation on the dam's side, and sired by Atwood bucks, and bred since from same stock and the best bucks from the Hammond flock. He used a Bingham ram, Wood's old Usurper and old Peerless. His ram, Sprague's Centennial 302, bred by E. N. Bissell, was sired by J. F. Stickney's Centennial 442, grand sire Fremont Jr. 215, from an Atwood and Robinson ewe, great-grand sire Gen. Fremont 426, who in nine years sheared 243 lbs. There are 55 sheep and 28 lambs in this flock. We notice a six-year-old ewe from Wood's Peerless that clipped 21 lbs.; 11 yearling ewes from Centennial that were well fleeced, and would be something fine for some young breeder to start with. Also a handsome yearling ewe from the Sheldon ram, and 12 one and two-year old bucks. Mr. Sprague has a good reputation as a sheep breeder; but at the same time his fancy runs somewhat to cattle, as we notice in the pasture his red four-year-old Shorthorn Orange Flower, bred by P. E. White, from Summit Aldrie 3d, dam Viola 9th by Corporal 2d 19368. Also the red calf Buttercup that was calved 22d December, with L. L. Brooks' Duke of Lexington for sire. We saw his Suffolk brood Longback 3d, bred by Terry Gates of Greenfield, Mich., whose sire and dam were bred by Wright & Butterfield of Sandwich, Ont.

Back into Plymouth again, and here we met Charles Forshee, with sheep from the Rich flock, who is a young breeder just now making his mark; and also to the farm of David Moreland, where our eyes are gladdened again by looking over his well bred flock that has been selected by his unerring judgment. His flock numbers at present 65 ewes and 24 lambs. He started in at about the same time as P. S. Rich, and has at present 11 registered ewes with five lambs from Centennial. His buck, Henry Ward Beecher 51, is one year old, weighs 190 pounds, and sheared at 361 days 17 1/2 lbs. He is one of the best to be found in the State. There is no discount on this statement. He has a strong body, well put up, well fleeced and fine horns. Two of his old ewes are from Usurper, four from Peerless and three from Michigan. He has an ewe lamb from Beecher whose mother sheared 104 lbs. He intends to run altogether hereafter into registered stock. His grades are remarkably good, while his registered ones are superb. His young buck Fernnaught is well fleeced, sheared 22 1/2 pounds, and he got this year at Milford, where he has been kept, are pronounced almost unequalled.

Some of Mr. M. Sparling's ewes sheared as high as 16 and 17 lbs., and one from Centennial 17 lbs. 2 oz. This flock is well worthy of a good long look over. C. S. Sayles has been seven years in this kind of husbandry, started in with two ewes, using a buck from Ward's flock. He has some 60 sheep and lambs, but they are not registered. Has bred largely from R. J. Brown of Superior. One of his ewes sheared 20 lbs. 2 oz.

D. Harlow lives on a 96 acre farm, with splendid house, and barns that are conveniently arranged. Has been in sheep breeding six years, buying from R. Loese of Darien, N. Y. He has 56 that are registered, and 18 lambs that are eligible. His buck, Michigan 60, is four years old, and had Gen. Sprague for sire. He has a nice lot of bucks, and taking all in all, his sheep are a credit to him.

This ends our list of sheep breeders whom we have had the pleasure of interviewing the past week, and we venture the assertion, without fear of contradiction, that nowhere within the same compass of territory and distance can as many good flocks be found in this State. We find, too, that the breeders named are well posted and feel a kindly interest in the flocks of each other. The care and attention that they give their flocks is deserving of mention. The organization of the American Merino Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association of Eastern Michigan, which was formed last December, has had so far, and will have in the future, a tendency to still further advance this feeling. The officers are T. V. Quackenbush, President; C. M. Thornton, Vice-President; I. N. Blackwood, Secretary; H. Hurd, Treasurer; George Bradley, Wm. Duncan, David Moreland, Directors. ON THE WING.

For the Michigan Farmer.

FARMERS' PIC-NIC.

The 11th annual fete of the Hillsdale and Lenawee Counties Farmers' Pic-nic Association was held at Beardsley's Landing, Devil's Lake, on Wednesday last. Notwithstanding the magnitude of these festive and social gatherings for several years back, and the general sentiment among all that they had grown to be as successful as possible in point of interest, pleasure and attendance, and would naturally grow of less importance every year, this year's picnic was pronounced "the noblest Roman of them all," so to speak. It could not well have been otherwise. The day was most delightful, the provisions for pleasure and enjoyment on lake and grove ample, and the intellectual programme more complete and entertaining than ever before.

The executive committee, consisting of Messrs. Delos Parsons, J. E. Gibbs, W. Teachout, A. Patrick, and P. Lewis, were more thorough in their arrangements for providing table room for the bountiful festive spread, seats for the speakers' stand and stable room for horses than any former managers. Gov. Cornes, proprietor of the Lake View house and grounds, kept his beautiful steamer, "City of Hudson" plying the lake from early morning till evening, a merry dance in progress in the assembly room, and served a sumptuous feast for the inner man.

As your reporter surveyed the long rows of tables in the grove that were filled with baskets at an early hour, he had an interest to see what appearance their contents would make when spread before the thousands of yeomen, their wives and daughters at the dinner hour. There was a sufficiency of everything good to eat, from a roast pig or turkey to rich cakes and all the other concomitants that go to make up a delicious repast. Until the dinner hour, the picnickers found enjoyment on lake and in grove, boating, fishing, swimming, croqueting, dancing, swinging, etc. The festive spread was as sumptuous and bountiful as the farmers' wives could make it, and when we have said this of our Hillsdale and Lenawee county women, any further mention on the part of your correspondent is needless.

The tables were presided over by the town directors as follows: Hudson, Walter B. Thompson; Medina, Henry J. Wirt; Cambridge, Frank A. Dewey; Dover, David Pontius; Seneca, Mark C. Rorick; Rome, Martin Poucher; Moscow, Henry McCowan; Somerset, W. W. Morous; Wheatland, Austin Patrick; Pittsford, Van Ness Schermerhorn; Wright, Thomas Acker; Adams, E. H. Jackson; Woodstock, A. M. Sickle.

Promptly at one o'clock the crowd assembled for the afternoon programme, the following persons occupying seats on the platform: President, Capt. Sam Morey; Cambridge, vice-president, Mrs. W. Allen, Rollin; secretary, Mrs. H. S. Russell, Hudson; treasurer, F. G. Clark, Wheatland; chief of police, Murat Brown, Rollin; with a number of pioneers. President Morey called to order, and carried out the following programme: Music by the Wheatland band; prayer by Rev. Mr. Brockway, of Medina; report of secretary read and adopted; music by the Weston Glee Club. The treasurer's report was read, showing last year's receipts to be \$310, expenditures \$238.30; 919 single and 478 double teams passed the gate last year. Music by the band; address of welcome by President Morey; music by the Glee Club, "Our Native Land"; Reminiscences of Pottowattomie Indians, by F. A. Dewey, was a very interesting paper, giving a description of the lake and surrounding country 54 years ago; when Mr. Dewey came to these parts, and of the brave tribe of Pottowattomies who lived on its shores; music by Wallace's colored jubilee singers.

Capt. Allen, of Ypsilanti, speaker of the day, considered it a great honor to be called upon to address such a large and intelligent audience. Farming had become one of the exact sciences which requires for its successful pursuit not only muscle but brain. The grand country which brings us such abundant crops was fought and toiled for by our forefathers. From Bunker Hill to Yorktown the foundation stone was laid, cemented by the blood of your and my father. They worked it out to its fullness and completeness, and you and I are the heirs of those who now sleep in their silent graves. But we are not sure of the prosperous condition of our country long, if we do not wake up and see that several important questions are righteously settled. We have a vast domain lying to the west of us which should be for the inheritance of our children, but instead, is being filled up by foreigners, and syndicates are buying up large farms. The pioneer in a few years must buy it of them at a greatly enhanced price. Stop this at once. The tariff will be the coming question, and the one that protects American industries and its people, regardless of all others, would be the best for all. Mr. Woodward, of Morenci, said that the reduction of tariff on wool had cost him \$100 this season. About corporations: Let us be prudent and conservative, and manage not by the government (for we

have feudal officers enough now) but by laws enacted by you and me in our respective capacity. Office-holding is honorable, but the means whereby it is obtained are dishonorable. No poor man can afford to be governor of this State at the low salary that the governor receives; therefore none but rich men will ever hold the office until the salary is larger. Every farmer should be a politician—in the modern stamp—but in that higher and better sense, to have the country's true welfare at heart and attend the primary caucus, and always do his duty at the polls.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Geo. A. Smith, Somerset; Vice-president, A. M. Sickle, Woodstock; Secretary, P. W. Lewis, Medina; Treasurer, John A. Harkness, Rollin; Directors: Jno. Rowley, Hudson; Richard Rogers, Medina; J. E. Gibbs, Cambridge; Martin S. Stockwell, Dover; Casper C. Roney, Seneca; Henry Harper, Somerset; Edmund Childs, Wheatland; J. B. Patterson, Pittsford; J. P. Emmons, Wright; Wm. Wright, Adams; C. Osborn, Woodstock; Geo. C. Willis, Moscow; Jas. Leonardson, Jefferson; John S. Marks, Rowe; Stephen Lombard, Rollin. The following towns were admitted to the association, and directors elected; Ransom, Harvey Higley; Adrian, Wm. H. Wiggins.

When you have had Catarrh long enough just send to Dr. C. R. SYKES, 181 Market Street, Carthage, for his "True Theory of Catarrh."

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and His Diseases," "Cattle and Their Diseases," "Sheep, Poultry and Pigeons," "Horse Training and Management," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Particular information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the FARMER. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be described, how long standing together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 201 First Street, Detroit.

Is It Glanders.

AN BURKE, Mich., Aug. 20th, 1883. Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—I have a black mare 10 years old that seems to be bothered with breathing; when she takes breath it rattles in her throat as though there is something in the way; she coughs sometimes but not large; she also blows through her nose and brings up matter looking sticky, sometimes of a clear color, at other times it looks white or more like yellow. I have also noticed that when she works hard she bleeds from her nose; it is not large, though she got cold last winter and is either settled on her lungs or she is troubled with catarrh; she seems to be all right in every other respect; her bowels are in good order and she works well; she is in good flesh and eats good. Have given condition powders but did not improve her any. The same mare has been driven over a sick which tipped up and bruised her between the hind legs in the fleshy part; it made a hole but not large, it is swelled up and she favors it; have washed it with cold water and used Gargling Oil. What can I do for it?

Answer:—We would very much like to give you the information you desire. Your description of the symptoms is not sufficiently clear to enable us to diagnose the disease satisfactorily to ourselves. That the bronchial tubes or air passages are involved there is no doubt, and possibly the lungs as well. It may be chronic bronchitis, bronchial pneumonia, pulmonary tuberculosis; or possibly glanders, and as there is a possibility of the latter, the animal being in good condition and spirits, we would advise you to have it examined by a competent veterinary surgeon, and be governed by his decision. In answer to your second inquiry: The wound should first be carefully examined by probing, and any foreign body, as a splinter, etc., carefully removed; then wash the wound clean with castile soap and water using a syringe for that purpose, and inject into the wound either of the following solutions twice a day: carbolic acid half an ounce, soft water one pint, mix; or sulphate of zinc one drachm, soft water 12 ounces, glycerine four ounces mix all together, and use in the same way. For meat the swollen parts with hot water at least once a day. The wound as located will be benefited by motion; give walk exercise or turn the animal out.

Ringbone.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer, DEAR SIR:—I have a brown horse, nine years old; he has got a ringbone on his right forefoot; the first I noticed it was about the middle of last March, very little only by spalls, but got quite lame after a while; I was told corrosive sublimate and alcohol once a day for three weeks would cure it but it did not help it; I then put on the following: cantharides, pulv. one oz., British oil one oz., oil of origanum one oz., oil amber one oz., spirits turpentine one oz., olive oil one-half oz., camphor gum one oz., alcohol one-half pint, once every four days, but is lame yet but not so bad; holds foot in front of him and there is a little hard bunch above fetlock joint. He had a ringbone killed on his right hind foot two years ago, but is lame in it yet, sometimes more than others, the cords above fetlock joints on both feet are swelled. Should I keep shoes on him behind, for I work him every day? Please tell me what to do for him and oblige

Answer:—Apply to the ringbone, and to the swollen cords, the following ointment: Bin-iodide of mercury, one part; cosoline eight parts; mix well together, make one application only. In two days rub the blistered parts with lard, wash the day after with castile soap and water, when dry rub the parts well with the liniment, but do not force off the scurf, but when all is off and the hair growing nicely, make another application. Turn the animal out, but do not work him. The disease in this case is probably hereditary. If you can, please give us the history of this animal, pedigree, etc.

The Removal of the Stamp Act a Benefit to the People. In anticipation of the repeal of the stamp act, the size of the bottles containing the celebrated Simmons Liver Regulator has been materially increased, so that for \$1 the quantity of the medicine will be greater than heretofore. Ask your druggist for SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, September 4, 1883. Flour.—Receipts for the week, 2,101 bbls, against 2,774 bbls. last week, and the shipments were 3,195 bbls. There is no change to note in the values of flour. The movement of stock is fully up to the average at this season, but there is a quiet tone to the market. The weaker position of wheat will of course make buyers cautious. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Roller process.....\$ 75 75
Winter wheat, city brands.....4 00 00
Winter wheat brands, country.....4 75 00
Winter patents.....6 50 00
Minnesota brands.....6 00 00
Rye flour.....7 50 00

Wheat.—There was a weaker feeling in wheat yesterday and the market favored buyers all day. Values declined 1/4 to 1/2 c on cash wheat, and about the same on futures. Considerable trading took place, the transactions being larger than for some time. The market was quiet on the whole. As follows: No. 1 white, 1 1/4 c; No. 2, 1 1/4 c; No. 3, 1 1/4 c; No. 4, 1 1/4 c; No. 5, 1 1/4 c; No. 6, 1 1/4 c; No. 7, 1 1/4 c; No. 8, 1 1/4 c; No. 9, 1 1/4 c; No. 10, 1 1/4 c; No. 11, 1 1/4 c; No. 12, 1 1/4 c; No. 13, 1 1/4 c; No. 14, 1 1/4 c; No. 15, 1 1/4 c; No. 16, 1 1/4 c; No. 17, 1 1/4 c; No. 18, 1 1/4 c; No. 19, 1 1/4 c; No. 20, 1 1/4 c; No. 21, 1 1/4 c; No. 22, 1 1/4 c; No. 23, 1 1/4 c; No. 24, 1 1/4 c; No. 25, 1 1/4 c; No. 26, 1 1/4 c; No. 27, 1 1/4 c; No. 28, 1 1/4 c; No. 29, 1 1/4 c; No. 30, 1 1/4 c; No. 31, 1 1/4 c; No. 32, 1 1/4 c; No. 33, 1 1/4 c; No. 34, 1 1/4 c; No. 35, 1 1/4 c; No. 36, 1 1/4 c; No. 37, 1 1/4 c; No. 38, 1 1/4 c; No. 39, 1 1/4 c; No. 40, 1 1/4 c; No. 41, 1 1/4 c; No. 42, 1 1/4 c; No. 43, 1 1/4 c; No. 44, 1 1/4 c; No. 45, 1 1/4 c; No. 46, 1 1/4 c; No. 47, 1 1/4 c; No. 48, 1 1/4 c; No. 49, 1 1/4 c; No. 50, 1 1/4 c; No. 51, 1 1/4 c; No. 52, 1 1/4 c; No. 53, 1 1/4 c; No. 54, 1 1/4 c; No. 55, 1 1/4 c; No. 56, 1 1/4 c; No. 57, 1 1/4 c; No. 58, 1 1/4 c; No. 59, 1 1/4 c; 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